

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 35.—No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

PRICE 4d.
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MISS LASCELLES.—Letters to be addressed to 28, York-street, Portman-square.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO, 19, Old Bond-street.

MRS. CLARE HEPWORTH.—Communications to be addressed to 34, Manchester-square.

M. ARTHUR NAPOLEON begs to say that he has arrived in town from Vienna for the season. 30, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park.

MADAME COMTE BORCHARDT, Prima Donna from the Royal Opera, Brussels, begs to announce her arrival in London for the season. Letters to be addressed to the care of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madame ALBONI. —On Tuesday next, June 9, will be presented Rossini's opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Mme. Alboni. The Second Morning Performance with all the principal artists of the establishment, will take place on Monday morning, June 29. Full particulars will be duly announced.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—IL DON GIOVANNI. —On Thursday next, June 11 (included in the subscription in lieu of Saturday, July 25) will be produced Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, IL DON GIOVANNI, with the following unprecedented cast:—Zerlina, Mdle. Piccolomini; Donna Anna, Mdle. Spezia; Donna Elvira, Mdle. Ortolani; Don Giovanni, Signor Beneventano; Leporello, Signor Belletti; Masetto, Signor Corsi; Il Commendatore, Signor Violetti; and Don Ottavio, Signor Giuglini. Conductor, Signor Bonetti.

The minut in the Ball Scene will be danced by Mdles. Pasquali, Karliski, Morlacchi, Marie, and corps de ballet.

The mise-en-scène by Signor Ronzani; the scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall; the dresses executed by Mrs. Masterman and M. Laureys, under the direction of Mad. Copère; the properties, Mr. Bradwell.

From respect to the grand work of the immortal composer, the following Artists of the establishment have consented to lend their assistance to increase the effect of the majestic finale of the first act, including the chorus "Viva la Libertà," MM. Reichardt, C. Braham, Bottardi, Mercuriali, Kinni, De Soros, and Baillou; Mesdames Poma, Berti, Baillou, Fazio, and Ramos.

The following pieces hitherto omitted will be restored: "Ah! fuggi il traditor," sung by Mdle. Ortolani; "Ho capito," sung by Signor Corsi; "Della sua pace," sung by Signor Giuglini.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.—MR. BENEDICT begs respectfully to announce that the FIRST of his THREE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS will take place on Wednesday Morning, June 10. Principal Vocalists: Mdles. Piccolomini, Spezia, Ortolani, and Mad. Alboni; Sig. Giuglini, Beneventano, Corsi, Violetti, and Belletti; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Charles Braham. Instrumental performers: Mad. Clara Schumann, Messrs. Andicoli, and Benedict. Violin, Herr Ernst. Conductors, Sig. Bonetti and Benedict. The Programme of the first Concert is now ready, and includes the first performance in England on the Stage of Mendelssohn's posthumous finale to the Opera LORELEY. The part of Leonora by Mdle. Maria Spezia. The Performance will begin at Two, and terminate at Five o'clock.

MR. HENRY FORBES begs to inform the Public that the first performance of his Oratorio, "RUTH," will take place on Monday evening, June 22nd, at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS. Principal Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Weiss. The Band selected from the Opera and Philharmonic Orchestras. The Chorus of 50 from the Royal Italian Opera. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Tickets, 7s.; to be had of Mr. H. Forbes, 3, Upper Belgrave-place; and at all the principal Music-sellers.

MR. CHARLES COOTE (Pianist to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire) has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of his Grace, he will give a GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE, at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, June 9. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Jules Lafort; Piano—Mr. Charles Coote; Flauto—Mr. Harmonium—M. Louis Engel; Contra-Basso—Signor Bottezzini; Flute—Mr. Richardson; Clarinet—Mr. Lazarus; Harp, Cornet à Piston, and Violoncello—Messrs. Irving, Macfarlane, and Champion. Tickets, One Guinea each, may be obtained of Mr. Charles Coote; Messrs. Coote and Tinney, 64, Conduit-street; and of Robert W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

HERR MOLIQUES CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Evening, June 8th, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Mdle. De Westerstrand, Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists: Mdle. Anna Moliue, Signor Piatti, Messrs. Carrodus, Goffrie, Cousins, and Herr Moliue. Reserved Seats, 15s.; Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of Herr Moliue, 9, Houghton-place, Amphil-square, and at the principal Music-sellers.

HERR JANSJA has the honour to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, June 22. Artists:—Madame Rüdgersdorf, Madame de Bernardi, Herr von Osten, Herr Ernst, M. Schreurs, Sig. Piatti, M. Billet, Herr Pauer, Herr Engel, Herr Kuhe, Sig. Randegger. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be had of all the principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Jansja, 10, Mornington-crescent.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MENDELSSOHN'S LAUDA SION and Rossini's STABAT MATER will be performed on Wednesday, June 10, at 8, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. Principal vocalists—Miss Banks, Mdle. Marie de Villar (her first appearance in England), Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Thomas. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d.; stalls, 5s. The Last Concert of the Season under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, Wednesday, June 24.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday Evening, June 9, at half-past 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Sherrington Leunemus, Mdle. Ferretti, Signor Marras, Mr. Allan Irving, and the gentlemen of the Orpheus Glee Union. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Telesco; Harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves; Violoncello, Herr Liddel; Concertina and Guitar, Sig. Giulio Regondi; Pianiste-Accompagnateur, Sig. Vera. Reserved seats, Half-a-guinea each; Tickets, 7s. each, to be had of the principal music-sellers.

EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1857.—NOTICE TO HOUSEHOLDERS: APARTMENTS.—The Executive Committee having reason to believe that many of their fellow citizens will be disposed to offer accommodation to strangers visiting Manchester during the period of the Exhibition, have determined to open, for the convenience of visitors, a REGISTRY of the APARTMENTS which, upon application, may be obtained. All parties disposed are invited to send, without delay, their proposals in writing, in which must be stated the situation of the house, the number of sitting and bedrooms, and other accommodations afforded, and the terms required.—Further information may be obtained at the offices, and all applications must be addressed to Mr. SAMUEL HADEN, registrar of apartments, No. 100, Mosley-street, Manchester.

By Order, THOS. HAMILTON, Secretary.

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REFRESHMENTS are provided on an extensive scale, at moderate charges. PRICES OF ADMISSION:—From the 6th to 16th May (both days inclusive), 2s. 6d. for each person. On and after Monday the 18th May, 1s. for each person, except on Thursday in each week, when the charge will be 2s. 6d. for each person.

SEASON TICKETS, at £2 2s., entitle the proprietors to admission on all occasions when the Exhibition is open to the public; tickets at £1 1s. entitle to admission on all but the "reserved days." These tickets may be procured at the Exhibition Building; or at the offices, 100, Mosley-street.

Hours of Exhibition.—The doors will be open daily at ten o'clock, and will be closed at sunset. A bell will be rung half an hour before closing.

Catalogues.—A General Catalogue, price 1s., is sold in the Palace.

Both Chairs are provided at a moderate charge, for the use of ladies and invalids.

Arrangements are being made with the various railway companies to enable visitors to come direct from any part of the country to the building. The London and North Western Railway Company have arranged to convey passengers from London by the 6.15 a.m. train, returning to London in the evening, allowing four or five hours in the Exhibition.

Offices, 100, Mosley-street.

THOMAS HAMILTON, Secretary.

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THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

Established 1839, for the relief of its distressed Members. Patroness, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.—On Wednesday evening, June 10, at the Hanover Square Rooms, will be performed, for the benefit of this Institution, a Miscellaneous Concert of vocal and instrumental music. Vocal performers, Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Mdlle. Hertha Weststrand, prima donna from the Royal Opera, Stockholm, Miss Lascelles, Miss Fole, Miss Dolby, and Madame Rudersdorff. M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. Weiss, and the gentlemen of the Orpheus Glee Union. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Mad. Clara Schumann; Piano Harmonium, M. Engel; and Violin Solo, M. Sainton. The orchestra will be numerous and complete. Leader, M. Sainton. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. Concert will commence at eight precisely. Tickets, half-a-guinea each. Reserved seats, one guinea each. J. W. HOLLAND, Sec., 13, Maccofield-street, Soho.

HERR C. OBERTHÜR begs to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, the 11th of June.—Artists: Miss Stabbach, Fraulin Wagner, Mdlle. Sedlatzek, and Made. Willport; Signori Andreoli, Regondi, Herr Ries, Mons. Pague, Herr Engel, Herr W. Ganz, and Herr Pirsches.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., to be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Oberthür, 14, Cottage-road, Westbourne-park-terrace, W.

MESSRS. HAROLD THOMAS AND R. BLAGROVE'S
SECOND MATINEE MUSICAL, at Willis's Rooms, Monday next, June 8, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Artists—Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Messrs. C. Braham, and Weiss, M.M. Sainton, Lindsay Sloper, R. Blagrove, W. G. Cousins, and Harold Thomas. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each; Family Ticket, to admit three, £1 1s.; Tickets, 7s. each.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF and Signor **ALBERTO RANDEGGER'S** MATINEE MUSICAL will take place on Thursday, July 2, by the kind permission of the Marchioness of Downshire, at her residence, 24, Belgrave-square, under H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent's and other distinguished patronage. Tickets, at One Guinea each, to be had at Madame Rudersdorff's residence, Park Villa, Finchley-road, St. John's Wood, and Signor Randegger's, 21, Belgrave-road, St. John's Wood; and at Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—THE SOIREE on Wednesday, June 10th, will be in honour of Herr Antoine Rubinstein, when several of his compositions (a string quartet, sonata, songs, &c.) will be performed. A limited number of tickets to be had at Cramer and Co.'s, and Boosey and Sons.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—THE FIRST RECITAL will take place at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly (by the kind permission of Lord Ward), on MONDAY next, the 8th of June. To commence at 8 o'clock. Programme: Sonata in G, Op. 29, No. 1, Beethoven; Prelude, Saraband, Gavotte, Musette, and Gigue in G minor, S. Bach; Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 71, Dussek; Sonata in E, Op. 109, Beethoven; Preludes in D flat and G, and Tarentella in A flat, Op. 85, No. 2, Keller; Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15, and Grand Valse in A flat, Op. 34, No. 1, Chopin.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; and Subscription Tickets for the series of Three Recitals, One Guinea each; to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 241, Regent-street; Mr. Olivier's, 19, Old Bond-street; and at Mr. Halle's residence, 48, Dover-street, Piccadilly.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—An Extraordinary Cure of Diarrhoea by Holloway's Pills.—Rebecca Price, late warper in a factory at Gorton, near Manchester, suffered severely from violent griping, vomiting, and occasional purging, for a long period; she was under several of the medical faculty, and pronounced incurable. At last she was recommended to use Holloway's Pills, which cured her in a few days, after all other means failed. This astounding cure has excited the wonder of all who knew her, the more especially as she had become so attenuated as to be scarcely recognizable by her most intimate friends. Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Guidice, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

GRAND MUSICAL CONGRESS,

TO COMMENCE
ON FRIDAY, JUNE 12th, 1857,

AND
CONTINUE FOR TEN DAYS

DURING
THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE great number of Artistes of European renown that will be assembled in London to take part in, or be present at the Handel Festival, has encouraged M. JULLIEN to avail himself of an occasion so propitious, by repeating one of those great Musical Fêtes, in the style of his *concert Monstre* at Paris, in 1836, his *Congrès Musical* at the Crystal Palace, New York, in July, 1854, and his Grand Inauguration Festival at the Royal Surrey Gardens, in July, 1856.

It was on this last occasion that M. JULLIEN had the idea of assembling in London, for the first time, deputations from all the leading Musical Associations and Cathedral Choirs of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, to the number of One Thousand Performers. The result produced by such a choice and numerous assemblage of talent was most satisfactory, and Musical Amateurs, the Public, and the Press unanimously pronounced the Festival to have been the Greatest Musical Performance in London since the Handel Festival at Westminster Abbey, in 1834.

The Festival, which will last ten days, will commence with the production of Haydn's Oratorio, "The Creation." This will be succeeded by Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Elijah," and by Haydn's "Seasons" in Four Parts: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—generally considered his finest composition. The revival of this last work has just taken place at Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, and is creating an unparalleled sensation among the musical population of those capitals; the performances having been repeated several times in presence of the respective Sovereigns, the Courts, the élite of the nobility, and amateurs.

These will be followed by a Rossini Festival, selected from "Mose in Egitto," "Stabat Mater," and "Guillaume Tell," and a Verdi Festival, with selections from "Nabucco," "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," "I Lombardi," "Ernani," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore." After them will be given a Beethoven Night, a Mendelssohn Night, and a Mozart Night, on a scale even greater and more perfect than those classical evenings which M. Jullien has introduced each season for seventeen years, and which have always met with universal approbation; and the Festival will conclude with a Grand Performance of Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah."

M. Jullien is not without hope that his musical friends in London and from the Provinces, the Continent, and the United States, who, for the last twenty-five years have aided and supported his various artistic enterprises, will, after having assisted at the Morning Performances in the Crystal Palace, give a few of their leisure hours during that season of festivity, and repair in the evening to the Hall of the Royal Surrey Gardens, a building erected expressly for music; capable of containing ten thousand persons, and pronounced to be the best room in the United Kingdom for acoustic purposes.

The Orchestra of M. Jullien, which, in his late triumphant Musical Tour on the Continent, was admitted to be the first in Europe, is of course to be heard only at his Concerts, and none of its members have accepted, or can accept, an engagement to perform elsewhere. Amongst the number, whose reputation is European, some may be cited without a rival on their respective instruments, as Herr Koenig, M. Duhamel, Mr. Hughes, M. Lavigne, M. Collinet, Herr Stumpf, Herr Schürs, &c. &c.

This Orchestra will be increased in number for the Musical Congress, by several celebrities from the Academies and Conservatoires of Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam.

Engagements are pending with all the great artists at present in London at this most extraordinary musical epoch, and in these engagements, as in all others which M. Jullien has made for his Concerts, the real and individual merit of the artists has been considered in preference to their fame and reputation. However, in the following list of those whose services have already been secured, it will be seen that a great name has been considered no objection when united to a great talent.

The Great Soprano, Madame GASSIER, who is recognised, by those who are capable of judging, as the Artist who plays best on that most perfect of all instruments, the human voice. The Accomplished German Soprano, Madame RUDERSDORFF; the Popular English Soprano, Miss LOUISA VINNING; Madame FIORENTINI (her First Appearance since last Season); Madame CARADORI; Miss STABBACH; Madame WEISS; the New Celebrated Swedish Singer, Mdlle. WESTERSTRAND; and Miss DOLBY. Also, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; Mr. SIMS REEVES; Herr REICHARDT; Mr. G. PERRIN; Mr. WEISS; Mons. GASSIER, &c. &c. Also with Herr ERNST; Signor DE BAZZINI, Signor PIATTI, Signor ANDREOLI; and Signor SIVORI. The Choral Arrangements, under the direction of Mr. LAND, will be on a Grand Scale, and include the ROYAL SURREY CHORAL SOCIETY—the freshness of whose voices and purity of intonation, as well as perfect ensemble attained in so short a period from its organisation, have been unanimously acknowledged.

Leaders—Mr. WILLY (of the two Philharmonic Societies); Mons. PORTEHAUT (from the Imperial Academy, Paris); and Herr KENIG.

Conductors—Mr. A. MELLON (of the Royal Italian Opera and the Orchestral Union); Signor BOTTESINI (Conductor of the Imperial Italian Opera, Paris); and Mons. JULLIEN.

The names of other Artists, with whom engagements are pending, will be advertised in the Programmes; but the public is requested not to expect a multitude of names, as, in the organisation of this undertaking, quality has been preferred to quantity.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

Private Boxes, Stalls, and Reserved seats to be secured at JULLIEN'S, 214, Regent Street; KETTE, FROWSE, and Co., Cheapside; and at the office of the Gardens. The Concert will commence each Evening at Eight o'clock.

REVIEWS.

"ENGLAND'S MAIDEN ROSE." "HOUSEHOLD TREASURES." Ballads. Written by Miss Annie Monson. Composed by Carlo Minasi.

The verses to which these ballads are set are neatly turned, and the sentiment of each is very pretty. The music is harmless.

"THE EVENING HYMN." By Alfred Hobson.

An inoffensive and smooth piece of harmony in four vocal parts.

"THE THIRD DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN WALTZES." By Mariona.

Judging from the introduction to this waltz, the third Duke of Lancaster must have had a third-rate ear for harmony; and judging from the waltzes, his ear for melody must have been better, though his ear for rhythm must have been queer, since he notes them 6-8 instead of 3-4.

"THE HEATHER-BELL." Waltzes. Dedicated to her sisters, by L. H. H.

Judging from the introduction, L. H. H. would appear to have a finer ear for harmony than the third Duke of Lancaster; but judging from the waltzes, somewhat about the same.

"TUMMAS." North Country song. Written by Miss Edwards. Composed by J. F. Duggan.

An unpretending ballad, but with certain traits of musician-ship, peeping over the shoulders of its simplicity, which are not likely to pass unnoticed by judges. It is the love-complaint of a rustic, and both words and music have undeniable character. "Tummas" is one of the most genial features in Miss Julia St. George's entertainment of Home and Foreign Lyrics.

"WHEN FIRST MY EYES BEHELD THEE SMILE." Song. Written by Charles Swain. Composed by Julie Szczepanowska.

A flowing, well-written ballad, without any other characteristics. The words of Mr. Swain are unaffected and truly poetical, embodying the same sentiment as Moore's "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," in a new and graceful manner. The melody of Mme. Szczepanowska is not quite so genuine as the old Irish tune to which Moore wedded his stanzas, but it is pleasing for all that.

"AVE MARIA," by Virginia Gabriel.

Melodious, essentially vocal, and accompanied with great refinement, although without any pretence to research—just such a song, in short, as we have a right to expect from so highly accomplished an amateur as Miss Gabriel.

"ZULEIKA." Nocturne, for the Harp. Composed by Mrs. R. Cooper.

This little piece may be best described as innocuous. There is neither a bad nor a good point to notice in it. A curtailment of the number of emphasized D flats might perhaps afford some relief; but after all this is only a matter of taste.

No. 1. "THE QUEEN OF THE WOOD"—Ballad. No. 2. "WHEN AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING"—Ballad. Written by Edwin Bamsford. No. 3. "MY HOME IS IN ANOTHER CLIME"—Ballad. Written by S. Fearon, Esq. The music composed by W. G. F. Beale.

"My Home is in another Clime," is worth a heap of such compositions as Nos. 1 and 2. It is neither more nor less, indeed, than a ballad which must charm alike by its simplicity and expression—both being genuine. Mr. Beale would have not done unwisely to burn his companions, and try his hand at another "No. 3."

"THE COQUETTE QUADRILLES." Composed by A. G. Fowles.

The many errors of harmony in these quadrilles may be apologized for on the plea of their author's youth and inexperience. Mr. Fowles is only seventeen, and this is his first composition—or, at least, his first published composition. But why rush into print so precipitately? Surely some competent master might

have been found to point out and correct the faults before the manuscript was consigned to the hands of the engraver.

"DEB FRUHLINGS WALZER." (The Spring Waltz.) Composed by W. E. Jarrett.

The principal theme is elegant, if not very new, and the style of the whole piece (in the usual extended "valse" form, though happily without one of those unmeaning "introductions") is less common-place than in the case of the majority of such effusions. Mr. Jarrett is, however, an experienced hand, and knows his *metier*.

"THE SWEABORG GALOP," composed by —.

A well accentuated and spirited galop, without any nonsense about it—easy to play and famous to dance to. Why does the author hide his name? He need not be ashamed of it, if his profession be that of a composer of galops.

JULLIEN IN HOLLAND.

(From a Dutch Correspondent.)

As it may not be uninteresting to your numerous musical readers to know how their popular favorite, M. Jullien, was received in this country, I send you a short summary of his tour.

At the beginning of last month, M. Jullien having a fortnight at liberty before the commencement of his summer season, determined on visiting Holland. He gave six concerts at Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam—two in each town. Utterly unknown to the Dutch musical public, he arrived with his orchestra, and literally came, played, and conquered. Unheralded by puff, and depending on the intrinsic merits of what he had to offer, his first concert at Rotterdam drew together a full but not overcrowded audience. They paid him the most flattering compliment it was possible to give. Not only did they applaud the music, but, before leaving the house, they took every place for the next concert, which was crammed to overflowing.

At the Hague, the whole of the royal family were present, and remained during the entire performance. At Amsterdam the Society of Musicians offered him a serenade, and in each town he gathered golden opinions from all sorts of people. Mad. Gassier was the vocalist, and was very successful. Her singing of the variations to the *Carnival de Venise* excited universal admiration. M. Jullien is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated in England, that criticism of his performance would be tedious as a twice told tale. To shew you the opinion of the press with regard to himself and his orchestra, I append a translation of an article from one of our principal papers, the *Amsterdamsche Courant*. Before doing so, however, let me say that no man could have been more effectively supported than was M. Jullien, by his trusty *aide-de-camp* M. Jullien Bargh, to whom the arrangements for the concerts were entrusted. Everything was admirably regulated, and nought was left undone which could ensure the public comfort and convenience.

"Thus," says the *Amsterdamsche Courant*, in an article on the Philharmonic Concerts, within a month after M. Jullien's departure, by a most famous musical critic, "M. Jullien's first appearance in this country has created the most favourable impression. He has taught us how the greatest delicacy may be combined with the most brilliant execution. Never did we hear such a rendering of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Its magnificent effects were produced in a style the clearest and most impressive. Who could have thought that the finale contained such brilliant alternations of light and shade, of brightness and obscurity? Beauties, hitherto unknown, were revealed to us. In the scherzo and trio we particularly admired the effects produced by the second horn and the sonorous rolling of the tympani. The fourth symphony of Mendelssohn and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*, were given with immense fire and *entrain*. We are much indebted to M. Jullien, whose short stay amongst us produced such good fruits; and we must not forget M. Jullien Bargh for the indefatigable zeal which he displayed in all the arrangements which he conducted with so much intelligence. His personal qualifications left the happiest impression. We trust that M. Jullien will, agreeably to his promise, return to us next season, accompanied by the same orchestra and artists, for the benefit and delight of our city and its dilettanti."

PULCI AND BYRON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR EDITOR,—As Italian is the language of song, and as the *Musical World* is the organ of everybody connected with song, I have no doubt that your numerous readers comprise many Italian scholars. I shall feel greatly obliged if one of them will do me a series of favours.

First, let him read the following stanza from the *Morganti Maggiori* of Pulci:—

"Era nel tempo, quando Filomena
Con la sorella si lamenta e plora,
Che si ricorda di sua antica pena
E pe' boschetti le ninfe inamora,
E Febo il carro temperato mena
Che 'l suo Fetonte l'ammaestra ancora;
Ed appariva appunto all'orizzonte,
Tal che Titon si graffiava la fronte."

Next let him read the corresponding stanza from Byron's translation of the same poem, which is as follows:—

"'Twas in the season, when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes, which both befell,
And makes the nymphs enamoured, to the hand
Of Phaeton by Phoebus lov'd so well
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)
Was given, and in the horizon's verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow."

Thirdly, let him compare the English and Italian together and explain the relation that exists between them, with especial reference to the latter half of the stanza.

Fourthly, let him put aside the Italian, and inform us if the portion of the English beginning with "to the hand," and ending with "was given," has any meaning whatever?

Yours, etc., IGNORAMUS.

HANDEL.*

(Continued from page 341.)

THE next opera in which Handel was concerned was *Musio Scavola*, produced on the 15th April, 1721, the first act being composed by Attilio, the second by Bononcini, and the third by Handel, who brought out, by himself, *Floridante*, on the 9th December, in the same year, and *Otho* or *Ottone*, on the 12th January, 1723. According to Mainwaring, "an eminent master, not on good terms with Handel, said of 'Affani del pensier,' 'That great bear was certainly inspired when he wrote that song.'"

It was in *Ottone* that the celebrated Cuzzoni made her first appearance. According to Malcolm, her engagement was at the enormous salary of £2,000 per season. The managers, it would seem, reckoned upon her achieving a great success. Nor were they disappointed; for, on the second evening of her performance, they were enabled to demand four guineas for each ticket.

The season of 1723 was distinguished by *Giulio Cesare*, and *Flavio*. Instead of a final chorus, the latter opera concludes with a veritable quintet, "Doni pace," which is, perhaps, the first scenic quintet ever composed. The last time *Giulio Cesare* was ever performed was in 1787, for the purpose of gratifying George III., who was passionately fond of Handel's music. Since that date not a single opera by the great composer has ever been played.

The operas which next flowed from Handel's prolific pen were *Tamerlane*, brought out in 1724, and *Rodelinda*, in the year following. Signora Cuzzoni was so successful in *Rodelinda* that the fair votaries of fashion adopted the brown silk dress, embroidered with silver, which she wore in the part. Burney tells us that "for a year the dress seemed a national uniform for youth and beauty."

M. Schœlcher thus gives vent to his indignation of the liberties taken with Handel by various composers:

* *The Life of Handel*, by Victor Schœlcher: London, Trübner and Co., 57, Paternoster Row.

"For a long time afterwards" (that is to say, after the production of *Rodelinda*) "God of music, charm the charmer," was sung to the beautiful air from *Rodelinda*, 'Dove sei amato bene.' Preston employed it for 'Hope, thou source of every blessing,' in a large volume filled with similar arrangements—*The Beauties of Music and Poetry*. Arnold stuck it into his pasticcio, the *Redemption*, as 'Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.' In spite of their reverence for Handel, the English will only see in him the composer of sacred music; and, outside of a certain musical sphere, there are many persons who will be very much astonished to hear that Handel ever wrote an opera. They will go to the theatre to listen to such rubbish as *Rigoletto*, but no manager dares to risk such works as *Otho*, *Admetus*, *Aleina*, or *Julius Cesar*. Meanwhile, they sing with admiration the religious air of 'Lord, remember David,' which, like the 'Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' is, after all, only a secular air disguised—nothing but 'Rendi 'l sereno al ciglio' of *Sosarme*; 'He was eyes unto the blind,' is made out of 'Non vi piacque' of *Siroe*; 'He was brought as a lamb,' of 'Nel riposo' of *Deidamia*; 'Turn thee, O Lord,' of 'Verdi prati,' a sublime air of *Aleina*; 'He layeth the beams of his chamber,' of 'Nasci al bosco,' of *Ezio*; and 'Bow down thine ear, O Lord,' of 'Vieni, o figlio,' of *Ottone*. The Italian *répertoire* of Handel has been sanctified (as it were) in this manner, and almost always fraudulently; that is to say, the source has been concealed. The smallest vice in these pieces of scrap-work is to render unnatural, and consequently to spoil, the most beautiful things, by putting them into dresses which were never made to fit them. Nothing can be said against a translation when it is executed with ability, and preserves the spirit by changing only the words of the original; but to adapt a cavatina of the theatre to a strophe from the Bible is almost invariably tantamount to an entire change of the composer's idea, since there is no analogy in the sentiments which it is made to express. And, besides, many of these adapters have not even respected the music which they have meddled with. Corfe, in his substitution of 'Turn thee, O Lord,' for 'Verdi prati,' has not contented himself with transforming the Italian air into a duet, but he has found it useful to change certain passages of it. And what could be worse than to apply a melody which breathes of 'Green meadows, lovely forest,' to 'Turn thee, O Lord'? Arnold has, indeed, preserved in all its integrity the air of 'Verdi prati,' whilst he adapts it to 'Where is this stupendous stranger?' (*Redemption*). But it is easy to imagine what would have been the anger of the choleric Handel, if he could have heard his ideas about green fields applied to any stranger, be he ever so stupendous.

"The mania for putting everything into their prayers has betrayed the English into some most unworthy actions. If Handel had written a 'Vive l'amour!' or a 'Here's to wine!' they would have made a canticle of it. In 1765, they had the audacity to introduce into *Israel in Egypt* a dozen such things as 'Great Jehovah, all adoring,' fitted to the music of 'Di Cupido impiego i vanni' (I borrow Cupid's wings) from *Rodelinda*, thus daring to set Cupid's quiver upon the shoulders of Omnipotence itself—an act which seems to me monstrous in an artistic point of view, and I am astonished that the English, generally so religious, do not regard it as positively blasphemous.

"The Reverend Rowland Hill, when he was reproached with similar practices, wittily replied, 'But the devil must not have all the good tunes.' A man of wit can always extricate himself by a joke, but that does not satisfy the question of propriety, and it is astonishing that churchmen do not regard this more seriously—for to sing a song to an air taken out of an opera seems like decorating the altar with the detested rags of the theatre, or dressing up a bishop in the costume of the 'comic man.'"

Scipio was produced in 1726, and *Alexander*, which "took much," on the 7th May, in the same year. *Admetus* followed in 1727, and had nineteen consecutive representations. The great air in *Admetus*: "Spera, si, mio caro," was entrusted to Signora Faustina Bordini, who had previously made her *début* before an English public in *Alexander*, and was almost immediately regarded as the rival of Signora Cuzzoni. Each lady had a large party of zealous admirers, the dispute between whom ran as high as that in France between the Gluckists and Piccinists. Signora Faustina became the wife of the composer, Hasse, while the *London Daily Post* of the 7th September, 1741, contains the following startling piece of intelligence respecting the other lady: "We hear from Italy that the famous singer, Mrs. C—z—ni, is under sentence of death, to be beheaded, for poisoning her husband!" The sentence of decapitation cannot, however, have been carried into effect, even supposing the *Daily Post* to have been well-informed, because the lady returned subsequently to England.

It was in 1727 that George II. succeeded his father on the throne, and Handel wrote the four *Coronation Anthems* for the occasion. They were performed at Westminster, during the ceremony of the 11th October, 1727, after having been solemnly rehearsed, before a large assemblage, in the cathedral on the 6th.

Siroe (or *Cyrus*) opened the season of 1728, and was followed, the same year, by *Ptolemy*, or *Tolomeo*. It was at this period that *The Beggars' Opera* was in the full tide of success, which seemed to have now completely deserted the Italian Opera. The funds raised by subscription were exhausted, and it was determined that the undertaking should be abandoned. The theatre was accordingly closed on the 1st June, and the Italian company dispersed over the continent.

Handel now possessed £10,000, which he had saved from the profits of his works. In spite of the failure of the Royal Academy of Music, supported as it had been by the entire aristocracy, he entered into partnership, for three years, with Heidegger, the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, to bring out operas there, and immediately started for Italy to collect a company. The Italian Opera, after being closed for eighteen months, re-opened on the 2nd December, 1729, with *Lothario*, which was succeeded, on the 24th February, 1730, by *Parthenope*. The former opera was played only ten, and the latter only seven times. Handel was of opinion that the reason of this was the want of a competent singer, and, consequently, prevailed upon Senesino, who, since his departure from England, had been singing at Venice, to return. The popular artist, who had been obtained at the price of fourteen hundred guineas, made his re-appearance on the 2nd February, 1731, in *Porus*, which had fifteen consecutive representations. About this time, *Rodelinda* was revived for the second, and *Rinaldo* for the fourth or fifth time, "with many additions by the author."

At the commencement of the following season, that is to say, on the 25th January, 1732, *Esio* was produced, supported by Senesino, Montagnana, and Signora Strada. In spite, however, of such able representatives and of its own musical merits, it was performed only five times, and gave way, a month afterwards, on the 15th February, to *Sosarme*, which was somewhat more successful.

On the 23rd February, 1731, Bernard Gates, the master of the children at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, having obtained a copy of the score, had caused the oratorio of *Esther* to be executed by his pupils, the orchestra being composed of amateurs, belonging to an association called the Philharmonic Society. Shortly afterwards, the Academy of Ancient Music, assisted by Gates, executed it upon a larger scale, but still in a private manner. The success attending these two performances induced a speculator to have the oratorio publicly performed, at the "great rooms of Villars-street, York-buildings, on Thursday, the 20th of this instant April." Handel determined to follow the example thus set him, and accordingly, produced his work at the King's Theatre, on the 2nd of May, in the presence of the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the three eldest Princesses. Its success was complete, and the oratorio was performed six times in the course of the month.

Acis and Galatea, which, like *Esther*, had been composed for the Duke of Chandos, was produced, on the 26th March, 1731, at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, for the benefit of M. Rochetti, and, on the 17th May, at the new theatre in the Haymarket, under the management of an upholsterer named Arne, the father of Dr. Arne. "To produce the work of a man without his participation," says M. Schœlcher, "and at the very side of the theatre which he directed, would seem in these days to be going a little too far, but the manners of the time permitted it," Handel, however, did not allow the idea thus suggested to escape. *Acis and Galatea* was produced at the King's Theatre on Saturday, June 10th. Arne had given the serenata precisely as it had been executed at Cannons, but Handel, for the purpose of attracting the public, added to the score many of the airs of his Neapolitan Serenata, as well as three choruses, one in Italian and one in English. The pastoral was sung, therefore, partly in Italian and partly in English. Handel afterwards returned to the simplicity of his English version of *Acis*, which he gave, divided into two acts, in 1739, with Dryden's *Ode on*

St. Cecilia's Day. It was then only that he added, as a termination to the first act, the chorus: "Happy, happy, happy we."

Alchymist Music, which also appeared in 1732, is not an original composition, Mr. Lacy having recognised in it the overture of *Roderigo*, the movements of which have been detached from each other to be used as dance music, for a revival of Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*, to which dances were added. It was, likewise, in this year, that the *Twelve Sonatas, or Solos for a Violin or a German Flute* were published. They were written, it is said, for the Prince of Wales. They have the title of "Opera 1a," as if the *Suites de pièces* were not reckoned among the works of instrumental music. There appeared, also, at the same epoch, the first six *Sonatas Trios*, under the French title, *Sonates à 2 violons, 2 hautbois, ou deux flutes traversières et basse continue*.

The opera of *Orlando* was produced on the 27th January, 1733. By the side of *Orlando*, at the King's Theatre, we find, from the journals of the period, that, on the 10th February, 1733, at the "new theatre in the Haymarket, a new opera, called *Dione*, by Lampe," was produced: at Covent Garden, on the same day, "a new opera called *Achilles*, by the late Mr. Gay," without any composer's name; and on the 17th March, at Lincoln's-inn Fields, "*Rosamond*, written by the late Mr. Addison, now set to music after the Italian manner, by Mr. Arne, junior," afterwards Dr. Arne. If, to this list, we add Drury Lane and Goodman's Field's, it appears that the Londoners of 1733 possessed six theatres, of which four were consecrated, at least occasionally, to music.

Encouraged by the success of *Esther*, Handel resolved once more to try this kind of composition, and, accordingly, busied himself with *Deborah*, which he completed on the 24th February, 1733. It was produced on the 17th March, the tickets being one guinea each; gallery, half-a-guinea. These prices excited general discontent. A most virulent letter was addressed on the occasion by the librettist, Paoli Rolli, to Mr. Danvers, the editor of the *Craftsman*. The only notice Handel took of this malicious effusion was to lower the prices; for, at the second performance of the oratorio, on the 21st March, the admission to the pit and boxes was fixed at half-a-guinea, and to the gallery at five shillings. The third and fourth performances took place on the 27th March and 4th April respectively, on the same terms, and the season was brought to a close with *Esther* and *Orlando*.

Handel had introduced into *Esther* many more choruses than the Italians used. His Roman oratorios of 1708, the *Resurrectione* and *Trionfo del Tempo*, have only two a-piece. In his second English sacred composition, he rendered the choruses much more preponderant, besides greatly augmenting the accompaniment, as he had already done in his anthems. He was, in consequence, accused of excess and violence, and reproached with having exaggerated the orchestra, while he himself, on the contrary, complained of want of means to express his conceptions. Some of his opponents went so far as to assert that he was guilty of profanity, because he took sacred subjects into the theatre, and caused verses of the Bible to be sung there. This charge found an echo in the breasts of a great many people, and subsequently proved no small impediment to the success of the *Messiah*. In spite of all this, however, *Deborah* and *Esther*, with *Orlando* and *Floridante*, occupied the season of 1733, which terminated on the 9th June.

Handel had, also, other things to annoy him. Senesino, proud of his popularity, sometimes set himself up in opposition to the will of the great composer. This rendered the latter, naturally passionate and determined, still more imperious than he otherwise would have been. The upshot of the matter was that Handel broke off his engagement with Senesino. With certain exceptions, the aristocracy had no great partiality for Handel. Accustomed to be flattered by artists, they felt annoyed at the dignity he preserved in his dealings with everyone. They espoused, consequently, the cause of Senesino, and demanded that he should be retained. Handel refused to consent to this. His former patrons became greatly excited at his resistance to their wishes, and gave up their boxes at the King's Theatre, joining the faction of his rival Bononcini, in order that they might still enjoy an Italian opera with their

protégé Senesino. All this was decided on before the close of the season on the 9th June, 1733, for on the 13th of that month, an advertisement appeared in the *Daily Post*, desiring the subscribers to the opera in which Signor Senesino and Signora Cuzzoni were to perform to meet in Mr. Hickford's great room in Pantion Street, on the Friday following, to settle proper methods for carrying on the subscription. Moreover, they hired the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and sent abroad for a company.

(To be continued.)

DON GIOVANNI AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the Opera Box.)

THE revival of *Il Don Giovanni*, which has long been anticipated as the crowning event of the season, is now definitely fixed for next week. The splendour and correctness of the decorations, and the introduction of several airs hitherto omitted, will endow this *chef-d'œuvre* with a character entirely new, so the revival may be regarded as a sort of musical festival in honour of Mozart. While the public mind is looking forward to the production of this great work, a few words respecting the legend of Don Juan, and the dramatic phases through which it passed before it was stamped as the chief glory of the lyrical stage, will not be inappropriate. Don Juan Tenorio belonged to one of the twenty-four illustrious houses of Seville. One night he killed the Commandada Ullon, whose daughter he had previously carried off; and the murdered man was buried in a Franciscan convent, where his family held a chapel. The friars having decoyed Don Juan into their convent, and deprived him of life, spread the report that he had insulted the statue of his victim, which, by way of retaliation, had plunged him into the infernal regions. This is the entire tradition, which is so exceedingly meagre, that notorious as the name of Don Juan may have been in his own country for several centuries, his fame can scarcely said to have had a definite shape till he was brought upon the stage. If, as some suppose, he was an intimate friend of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, something like two centuries and a half must have elapsed before he became a theatrical figure, for the monk, Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of "Tirso de Molina," lived from about 1570 to 1650. Molina's play is entitled "El Burlado de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra," and was fortunate enough to attract the attention of some itinerant Italian actors, who took it into France. In one of the suburbs of Paris an Italian modification of the Spanish piece was performed, and seems to have inspired Molière with the idea of his celebrated *Festin de Pierre*, which was first performed in 1665, at the Theatre of the Palais-Royal, though it may be observed that a French drama, on the same subject, written by Villiers, and entitled *Le Festin de Pierre, ou le Fils Criminel*, had been performed in 1659, at the Hotel de Bourgogne. Two other French versions, one by the actor Dumesnil, the other by Thomas Corneille, followed that of Molière at short intervals. The English tragedy, entitled *Libertine*, written by Shadwell, celebrated as the object of Dryden's satire, seems first to have introduced the subject to the London public. It was first played at Dorset Gardens in 1676.

Fortunately, Goldoni found no imitators; but in a ballet, to which the music was composed by Gluck, and the date of which is about 1765, the old terrible catastrophe is preferred to the prosaic modification. The Statue comes to sup with Don Juan; Don Juan goes to sup with the Statue; and then comes the retribution, as in the early dramatic version. An Italian opera, composed by Vincenzo Righini, about twelve years afterwards, is exactly on the same principle. The music to this work is entirely forgotten. Last in the series of dramatists is Lorenzo da Ponte, who was born in 1749, and died in 1838, at New York, where he was director of the Italian Opera. He had so highly pleased Mozart by his libretto of *La Nozze di Figaro*, which he wrote in 1786, that in the following year he was asked by the great composer for another work, which now exists in that of the immortal *Il Don Giovanni*. By this *chef-d'œuvre* all the previous versions of *Don Juan*, both musical and dramatic, are eclipsed, and as the "*Faust*" of Göthe is now the *Faustus par excellence*, so is the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart the only acknowledged form of the Spanish libertine.

Between these earlier versions of the Juan story and the libretto of Mozart's opera, written by Da Ponte, there is a difference with respect to the catastrophe. In the former the divine retribution does not visit Don Juan when the Statue, in compliance with his invitation, comes to sup with him; but the *Libertine* is invited to return the visit, and it is in a scene, in which the Statue is the host and he is the guest, that his destruction takes place. Two of the versions, Dumesnil's and Shadwell's, give the *Libertine* a pair of friends, who share his fate

when the Statue's visit is returned. Da Ponte, on the other hand, destroys the *Libertine* without going through the formality of a second festival. However, the celebrated Goldoni, who, in the course of the last century, wrote an Italian play on the subject, entitled "*Don Giovanni Tenorio, ossia il Dissoluto punito*," had departed so much from the original legend, that Da Ponte's book, in spite of minor differences, may be regarded as a return to the old story. With a prosaic veneration for probability, Goldoni omits all the supernatural agency that gives the tale its peculiar colouring. Don Juan does indeed sup with the Commander, but it is before the death of the latter; the Statue, too, is introduced, but it is a mere stone image, that remains fixed in the churchyard, where Don Giovanni is struck dead by a flash of lightning. The comic servant, who is called "Catalinon" by Tirso de Molina, "Arlecchino" by the old Italian, "Sganarelle" by Molière, "Jacomo" by Shadwell, and who afterwards revives in the "*Leporello*" of Da Ponte, is likewise left out in Goldoni's later production.

MENDELSSOHN.

(From the British Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 333.)

WE find, amongst Goethe's minor poems, a stanza to Mendelssohn commemorative of this visit, and inviting its repetition. It is to be presumed that at this period Goethe was interested in the boy chiefly as a musical prodigy, but he soon found in him points of closer intellectual contact with the circle of his own genius. The immense musical faculty of Mendelssohn had not been allowed to stunt and maim his other powers of mind. He was a good classical scholar, and in 1826 he drew warm praise from Goethe by a translation of the *Andria* of Terence. He was skilful, too, in drawing, and could afterwards fix his impressions of the Hebrides or the Alps in other forms than they assumed in his great pictorial symphonies. This became to him a great resource as a diversion to his mind in the intervals of his wonderful musical activity. In general criticism he always displayed an insight and knowledge which might have done credit to the *specialité* of Waagen. Mendelssohn's mind was, indeed, as rich and facile in all departments of modern intellectual culture as if he had no *specialité* of his own. But whatever might be the sources of Goethe's regard for Mendelssohn, there is evidence enough of its strength. When the young composer, on his first visit to England in 1829, was thrown from a gig in London and wounded in the knee, the poet wrote to Zelter thus:—"I wish to learn if favourable news has been heard of the worthy Felix. I take the greatest interest in him, and am in the highest degree anxious that one who has done so much should not be hindered in his progress by a miserable accident. Say something to re-assure me." And when, in 1830, Mendelssohn had spent a pleasant fortnight in Weimar, Goethe thus characteristically reported the results to himself of this visit:—

"His presence was particularly beneficial to me, for I find my relation to music is ever the same; I hear it with pleasure, sympathy, and reflection, but I like most its history; for who understands any phenomenon if he is not master of the course of its development? It was therefore of the greatest importance to find that Felix possesses a commendable insight into this gradation, and fortunately his good memory brings before him the classics of every mode at pleasure. From the epoch of Bach downward he has brought to life again for me Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck; has given me adequate ideas of the great modern theorists; and, finally, made me feel and reflect upon his own productions, and so is departed with my best blessings."

The original works thus mentioned may seem to be brought into perilous conjunction with the greatest names of the musical Pantheon, but to those who know them there will seem nothing anomalous in the association. "Although scarcely twenty years old," says Mr. Benedict, "he had at this period composed his *Ottello*, three quartets for piano and stringed instruments, two sonatas, two symphonies, his first violin quartet, various operas, a great number of separate Lieder, or songs, and the immortal overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." In some of these works there were the inevitable crudities of boyish ambition, for the wings of early genius are not equable in their very first movements. In most of them, however, and notably in the great Shakespearian overture, composed at the age of sixteen, there are all the splendid vigour and symmetry of the young eagle sunning his newly perfected pinions.

This rapid outburst of a fresh and consummate creative power, differing essentially from all its predecessors, is not to be lazily regarded as an event of ordinary evolution, nor are its results to be valued only for their novel *goût* upon a jaded mental palate. The unlikeness of genius in its *essence* to any other thing dreamt of in our philosophy is here realised almost to our very senses. An ardent and thoughtful

boy—but one to whom leap-frog and cricket are by no means unfamiliar processes—takes his Wieland Shakespeare and is caught away by the moon-lit fantasy of the great fairy drama. He feels the beauty of the scene translating itself into exquisite rhythm in his brain, and, impelled by a resistless inspiration, he throws all the resources of his art into the process, until the trickiness of Puck, the delicate grace of Titania, and the elvish majesty of Oberon, are so made to alternate and to blend in the movement, that it forms a perfect tone-picture of the poets dream, finally fading away in a few high, soft chords, like a dissolving view, at the first obtrusive ray of morning. Everywhere a genial and fluent fancy is apparent, but this by no means completes the wonder. The boy has that great cunning of his art so to control his melodic conceptions, and knit them up into strength by the use and distribution of modern orchestral resources, that the science seems a portion of the inspiration, and the dream is the more dream-like that *thought* is woven into its filmiest tissue. And so the youthful hand sets the signs which fix and convey his ideas, and henceforth there is in the world a new pleasure and a pleasure of a new kind. It is unfortunately possible that some may see in all this only a fresh impulse to an already too strenuous catgut; but in the mature and masterly workmanship of the boy Mendelssohn we discern a clear pledge of a new endowment for the world, and see something of that stout fibre out of which is spun the thread of a great destiny. We now understand something of old Zelter's prophetic raptures.

It was the performance of this work in London which initiated Mendelssohn's great and ever increasing English reputation. Without taking up a permanent abode amongst us, he became after this so frequent a visitor in England, with such an accession of pleasure and repute on each occasion, that his name and fame seemed to become as steadily English as were those of the more thoroughly domiciled Handel in his day. Nine times (not seven only, as Mr. Benedict says) he came to England, finding in our scenery and society, and in the immense executive resources placed at his disposal, constant impulses towards "new heavens of invention," which continually opened up before his daring intuition. It is true his life was spent mainly in the "Fatherland," and his journeys out of it were not always in the direction of this country. In Italy, for instance, he imbibed with intense enjoyment that air to which the artists of all lands go to see their own aims and outlines clearly. Rome was to him, as to all men of his temperament, at once a school and a shrine; and the society which he enjoyed there, of such men as Vernet, Bunsen, Lizet, and Berlioz, must have exerted a healthy and expansive influence upon his mind. But Italy could not supply the *aliment* needful for his earnest and active nature; and London and Birmingham were really more to Mendelssohn than Rome and Naples. In Paris, whither he went twice, he found nothing to induce a frequent recurrence of his visits. At Dusseldorf, Leipzig, and Berlin he spent fourteen active and chequered years, through which we cannot minutely follow him, holding various appointments, and producing a constant succession of works in every department of composition—the products of each year gaining in depth and grandeur until his genius and fame reached their culminating point in the marvellous inspiration of *Elijah*.

By social position, by the happy balance of his own cultivated nature, and by that greatest of mortal blessings, a thoroughly sympathetic marriage, Mendelssohn was sure in any place to find his enjoyment of life less influenced by local limitations than most men find it. He was comparatively exempt from that wretched class of incidents which has infused into the lives of so many great composers all the bitterness of Marah. But this exemption could not, in Germany, be entire. At Dusseldorf the joint management of the theatre bred a coolness and ultimate alienation between Mendelssohn and Immerman the poet, even after that sacred symbol of German friendship, the pronoun "*du*," had passed between them. Leipzig was enthusiastic, and Mendelssohn was its "favourite," but a composer like Schumann could be its favourite too, and it could yield to the arrogant dogma of Wagner that Mendelssohn was "mechanical;" and so, hardly was the "favourite" off the scene before *Elijah* was performed to a room half-filled. Berlin had its royal commissions for Mendelssohn, with some pleasure and much profit appended; but in the city of cliques and criticism, with its intellectual atmosphere rarefied to the last point of negation by Voltaireism and Hegelism, his genial nature must have felt as if in an exhausted receiver. We reflect with pride on the fact that the composer's connexion with England was chequered with no such *désagrémens*. His love of this country struck root early, and the plant, when acclimated, grew as hardily as a native. With his acute and observant mind, he must have soon seen that whatever fame he gained here was safe and permanent. That very "matter of fact" tendency which his countrymen have sometimes made a charge against England, and which has

perhaps hindered us from being so rich in productive and executive musical ability as other nations, is favourable to our prompt and steady recognition of any true talent of that kind which may appeal to us. The products of such a talent are tested at once by their consonance to truth and nature, and not by arbitrary canons of criticism or scholastic preferences; and judgments so founded are not lightly disturbed. The faculty which in England finds the simplest national air to be true and pleasant, is the same which has successively and firmly appropriated the grandest strains of Handel, Beethoven, and Haydn. And it was the same faculty which at once found in Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsommer Night's Dream* that mental affinity for his subject which stamped the composer as a true artist. After this, there was no danger that in England, at least, he should ever be considered "dry" or "mechanical," and we are not aware that to this day there is any regret expressed here that he was not more original, in the spasmodic, "Tannhäuser" sense of that word. How many securities, and in what rapid succession, he afterwards placed between himself and any such absurd regrets we need not here recount.

But our pride is not merely that Mendelssohn's genius linked itself to our highest literature by his Shaksperian music, nor to our scenery by his Ossianic overture to the Hebrides and the Symphony in A minor, nor even that the grandest tones which have clothed the Christian verities since the *Messiah* was written first awoke at his bidding in the noble hall of one of our great manufacturing towns. He gave England much, but from England he won no niggardly response. It is not mere insular complacency to assert that here *all* the greater works of Mendelssohn woke the echoes of the world. The sympathy which they elicited in London and in our festival cities was the electric current, and the British press was the conducting medium through which his fame was flashed over Europe, including Germany itself. In this country, the taste of the public had been kept faithfully true to the large and solid type of musical structure by the constant performance of oratorio. The masterworks of Handel and the *Creation* of Haydn had for many years been far more frequently produced in England than in any country in Europe. So familiar had the wonderful choral movements of these works become, that in many a country village the assembled peasants or artisans might be heard "praising," with clear or cracked voice, the invocation to the Everlasting Doors, or the ascription by the Heavens of Glory to God, while every plain and plastered "conventicle" was doubly consecrated in its turn by the sound of the one great Hallelujah. In our large towns these works were known to a great proportion of the people of all classes. It was a grateful change for the workman to pass from the thunder of looms and jennies to the more harmonious resonance of Handel, while the shopkeeper gladly betook himself for a Christmas treat to his twentieth hearing of the *Messiah*; and it is out of these circumstances that has arisen that singular vocal efficiency which has given to the Lancashire chorus so wide a fame. But this interest and efficiency arose from the very narrowness of the field within which, up to that period, they could be displayed. Handel was in oratorio not only supreme, but was almost alone. Besides Haydn, no other great composer took up an abiding position within the sacred circle of scriptural drama. Mozart had written no oratorios. One movement only of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*—the "Hallelujah"—has ever seized upon the popular imagination, while the ingeniously modulated music of Spohr's *Crucifixion* and *Last Judgment* seems too thin and filmy to lodge within the common memory. It seemed, indeed, doubtful whether any composer could or would arise who might combine with the breadth and body of Handelian ideas all the wonderful uses which the orchestra has developed in the last hundred years. We almost imagined ourselves shut up to Handel for the form of our millennial praises whenever their predicted period should arrive.

The sway of Mendelssohn's baton dissipated this doubt. *St. Paul*, *The Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah* appeared successively. They were felt to be emphatically new, yet great enough to be matched with the old. The special triumph of these works is that they met with their earliest and fullest acceptance in this country, where the stature of Handel was the inevitable standard applied to them. Here at least was music which neither asked for any reduction of the proportions of the temple of religious musical aspiration, nor set us to perform chamber devotions in a cathedral. Amidst all those qualities of fulness, freshness, and finish which are more expressly elements of modern composition, was recognised that structural grandeur, both in the successive movements and in the total dramatic design, which was the attribute of an older time. For such reasons these works were sure of a wider and heartier appreciation here than any musical compositions have ever or anywhere met with on their first presentation.

Enthusiastic ovations for the composer, on conducting his works, show how the faculty of the country had been unconsciously trained

for their recognition. It had hungered and thirsted for music of this express order. We well remember the scene in the Great Hall of one of our provincial cities, when, in April of the fatal year 1847, Mendelssohn in person unrolled, as it were, the great harmonies of his *Elijah* before six thousand people, to most of whom the name and genius of Handel were familiar. The interest, amounting, indeed, to excitement, everywhere displayed, was something curious and suggestive to one who could so far free himself from the same feeling as to become an observer. Every member of the executing force, from the "first ladies" in front to the agitator of *tympani* in the remotest rear, seemed bent with earnest devotion on realising the great artistic will which gleamed with regal power and courtesy from the dark eyes and pale face of the composer. A motion of a hand drew the great composite choral unity through transitions and shades of tone which no nicety of the conductor's art or docility of the executive medium had ever produced in our hearing.

The whole vast area was charged with one emotion of wonder and delight. The dramatic interest of the scenes of drought and of rain seemed reproduced with a double significance. As regards sacred composition, the Heavens had long been "as brass" to our laments and invocations; but here at length were "the water-floods," and the great chorus of "Thanks be to God" resounded as if in its own existence were sufficient motive for the grateful adoration it embodied.

But if in this sense Mendelssohn was the prophet instrumental in quenching so noble a thirst, the prophet, too, who, in the language addressed to him by Prince Albert in this very year, "when surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, had been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully the worship of true art"—he was no less the prophet (and where, alas! is his mantle?) destined to be too soon caught up from the sphere of his earthly labours, to be followed with sorrowing looks along the shining track of his translation. From this last visit to England he went, worn and weary, back to Germany. In Frankfurt he met news of the sudden death of his sister, Madame Hensel, to whom he had always been ardently attached. He fell to the ground with a shriek, and though he afterwards rallied and even laboured hard, because, as he often said to his wife, "the time of rest was approaching for him, too," the blow was already struck upon his fine nervous system which was to shatter and destroy it. In October he wrote his last composition, a solemn melody to a night-song of Eichendorff, "Departed is the Light of Day," and on the 4th of November he expired, in his thirty-ninth year.

(To be continued.)

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—At the last *soirée* Träulein Stubbe (who made her first appearance), Herr Von der Osten, Mad. Gräver, Madlle. Staudach, and Miss Maria Trautmann, Sig. Bazzini, Herr Goffrie, and Herr Hausmann were the performers. The programme included a pianoforte quartet by Mozart and a trio by Beethoven. The most noticeable *morceaux* were the piano solos by Madlle. Staudach and Mad. Gräver, a new solo, "les Abeilles," for the violin, by Signor Bazzini, a fantasia from *Masaniello* on the violoncello, by Herr Hausmann, two German songs by Herr von der Osten, and an aria and songs, in which Fräulein Augusta Stubbe was eminently successful.

ARMAGH.—(From a Correspondent.)—The concert given here on the 25th was very successful. Besides the gentlemen of our cathedral choir we had for *soprano*, Miss Milner, and for violinist, Mr. Cooper. The concert commenced with Haydn's Symphony in B flat, *La Reine de France*, and, as a proof of the excellence of its performance, and the good taste of the Armagh audience, there was a pretty general demand for a repetition of the last movement. The band, under Mr. George B. Allen's conductorship, also played Rossini's overture to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* capitally. Of Mr. Cooper's playing it is not easy to speak too highly. He was encored in his solos as well as in his duet with Mr. Allen (Osborne and de Beriot's *Concertante* on airs from *Guillaume Tell*). Miss Milner's singing pleased very much. She was encored in every one of her songs. In spite of *Punch* and the *Musical World*, Mr. Allen's new ballad, "The fisherman's wife," obtained the most flattering reception of all. The songs and glees by the gentlemen of the choir were given with unexceptionable ability, but we have only space to mention Mr. C. Wood, in "Ah! che la morte," Mr. W. Wood, in "The battle of Hohenlinden," with orchestral accompaniments, and Mr. Allen, in Hatton's song of "Sing! who mingles with my lays!"

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—This evening, THE HUSBAND OF AN HOUR; after which, the New Farce, MY SON, DIANA, with ATALANTA. In future the Prices of Admission to this Theatre will be—Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Second Price:—Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Lower Gallery, 6d. Commence each evening at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, GEORGE DARVILLE, THE PRETTY GIRLS OF STILBERG, and A NIGHT AT NOTTING-HILL. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Monday, June 8th, and during the week, RICHARD THE SECOND, preceded by the new Farce, AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE. Commence at 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. L. H.—We shall be happy to publish our correspondent's letter if he will favor us, in strict confidence, with his name and address.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6TH, 1857.

Is there no means of persuading foreigners that London is pretty nigh exhausted!—a sort of musical Hecla, indeed, with a huge crater, a little smoke, and no more lava?

The numbers of artists, vocal and instrumental, that flock to this metropolis, year after year, and return home as poor as they arrived, is incredible. Yet the example of others who have done the same before them would appear to exert little or no influence. We read flaming paragraphs in continental journals about the "triumphs" of pianist, violinist, and singer—the *engouement*, often "frenzy," of the London public—and, on inquiry, we find that no one knows even of their presence among us! This contempt of veracity on the part of the continental press is one of the principal causes not only of the glut of foreigners that annually invades the London musical market, but of the many disappointments and heart-breaks experienced. When we read in the — *Musical* that Mad. — "*fait les delices, des salons de Londres*," and, comparing notes, find that, during her sojourn here, she has been unable to obtain a single engagement, either for public concert or private *soirée*, we are forced to smile both at the impudence of the journal and the credulity of its readers. But unhappily the artists themselves are too often the chief agents in these deceptions. If they subscribe to a paper it is understood that their "triumphs" wherever they go are to be continually registered. Of course they "triumph" everywhere, and the fact is duly recorded. It was only the other day that we were apprised of the prodigious success of an enterprise that in strict truth has been a complete failure. "*Les Anglais*" were lauded for a discrimination and an "*esprit*" which they had by no means evinced; and thus a false appearance was given to the whole matter, which must have surprised many, while it disgusted those who, better initiated, could see what Herr Rubinstein's ardent worshipper, Herr Mustard, of the Leipsic *Signale*, calls "*die ficelle*."

If failure after failure were of any avail as a warning, one would imagine that the common-place order of "Mossoo" would long ago have been made aware of the fact that London is not paved with gold, as was once supposed, and that guineas were by no means to be had for the asking. But, unhappily, such is not the case, and under the circumstances, is not likely to be the case. "Mossoo" comes, and "Mossoo" goes, with his expenses out of pocket—having caused his brilliant reception by "John Bull"

to be chronicled every week during his absence; or (which is better for "Mossoo" and worse for us) made up his mind to stay and rough it. Thus we are besieged, as it were, by strange locusts, and our patrimony taken from us. It is a notorious fact that, for every mediocre or wholly incompetent native professor in any branch of music in England, and more especially in the metropolis, there are at least a dozen foreigners. What with Italian singing-masters, who know nothing of singing, German and French pianoforte teachers, who know nothing of the pianoforte, &c., we are literally overrun. Mediocrity and incompetency swarm amongst us, and, for the most part, "bearded like the pard."

In considering this state of things more gravely, it can only be pronounced intolerable. And yet it is not altogether an unmerited chastisement for our sins. We have brought it upon ourselves by force of pure flunkeyism. Why should we adore a foreigner? Why do we prefer an ignorant Italian or German to a well-informed Englishman? Simply because it is the fashion with our aristocracy; and every *parvenu* (the word has no equivalent in our own tongue) apes the aristocracy as a matter of course. Pure flunkeyism has done it all, and Mr. Thackeray himself will find it a hard task to unroot flunkeyism from the heart of England.

Of late years we have had some consolation. The number of foreign mediocrities that have appealed to public suffrage, and signally failed, has been legion. The more the better. Let them come, and let them fail. We shall at last be taught a lesson. Music has made great strides in this country, and musical criticism has had something to do with it. A foreign artist is no longer accepted *quand même*; he must be clever as well as foreign, or he fares ill at the hands of the London public and the London press. The music-master is abroad, and is doing his work. There is yet hope.

THE "entertainment," in that restricted sense of the word, which belongs to the present day, seems peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. Everybody seems agreed that an "entertainment" would be regarded coldly at Paris, and that one gentleman, or a gentleman and his wife, telling stories and singing songs for a whole evening, would be regarded as a meagre substitute for a regular dramatic performance. Where a nation is decidedly theatrical, like the French, the soil is unfavourable to this most modern species of recreation. Indeed, for the patronage of "entertainments" there must be a multitude of persons with a strong taste for public amusements, accompanied by a strong prejudice against the stage. Now London is, perhaps, the only European metropolis where a multitude answering to this description can be found. Semi-puritanism is the moral basis by which the prosperity of entertainments is rendered possible. The puritans of the old school would have condemned "entertainers" and "stage players" alike; a relaxation of the anti-theatrical prejudice would drive everybody to the playhouses. The "entertainment" is a most accurate index of the state of the London mind on the subject of public amusements.

And how largely do "entertainments" grow upon us. We will set aside Mr. Albert Smith, for he is more than an entertainer. He is a noted traveller and man of the world, who narrates his own experiences; he is, moreover, a kind of social chief, to whom the wits of the metropolis pay homage. Albert Smith is Albert Smith—a being *sui generis*—a despot whose sway is joyfully acknowledged. As Rome has its St. Peter's and its Colosseum, as Paris has its Boule-

wards, so has London its Albert Smith. He who has never seen Albert Smith does not belong to civilized English society. Nay, the man who is not on speaking terms with Albert Smith, had better keep his misfortune secret. The statement of it will not by any means redound to his credit.

Setting aside Mr. Albert Smith, who, in his Egyptian Hall, is as firm as an Egyptian monument, how largely do entertainments grow upon us. There is Mr. Woodin regularly settled in Polygraphic Hall, with an ever-changing entertainment, and representing about one hundred different personages every day of his existence. There are Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, she the oracle, and he the expounder, who draw multitudes where moving pictures, superbly executed, had failed to attract. Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton, most recent of all in the field, have for some months become permanent tenants of the Regent's Gallery, and aiming at a more dramatic kind of performance than their competitors, act little plays after the model of the French "proverbs," and provide themselves with a new work, entitled, *Love is Blind*, for the celebration of Whit Monday. If we extend our glance beyond the confines of the metropolis, and survey the provinces, we shall find Miss St. George, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, Mr. Charles Cotton, &c., (we would not hazard a completion of the list,) all devoted to the laudable purpose of entertaining.

The existence of a taste for short musical entertainments is thus clearly established. Surely it might be turned to more generally profitable account than it is at present, if a number of literary men and composers of high standing were to aid the progress of "entertainment." A lyrical drama, sustained by a few vocalists, and requiring a stage of limited dimensions might easily arise on the foundation now offered; and there is no reason that the "Bouffes de Londres" should not become as popular as the "Bouffes Parisiens" (in their own country), provided always they cultivated propriety as zealously as our lively neighbours avoid it. Mr. and Mrs. H. Drayton might, for instance, form the nucleus of the little troop, and thus glide from the proverb into the vaudeville.

But we would counsel the avoiding of the word theatre in an enterprise of the kind. There is no objection to the use of the thing called a theatre, but the word must be shunned if the special class which patronize "entertainments" are to be conciliated. The term "museum" which the Yankees found so efficient in inducing Puritans to witness theatrical performances, has not yet been hacknied on this side of the Atlantic. Let us have our Lyrical Museum.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *Il Trovatore* was repeated, after which a new ballet—no, a *ballet-divertissement*, or, more properly, *divertissement* without ballet—entitled *L'Aurore*, was produced, and introduced, for the first time this season, the tall, graceful, and vivacious dancer, Mdle. Katrine (also called "Katinka," one of the special favourites among the satellites of last year. *L'Aurore* is neither very brilliant nor very clear. Mdle. Katrine danced her best, and looked her prettiest; but to what purpose she exerted herself, or why smiled so persistently benignant—unless in the abstract of exemplifying her art—it was not easy to say. Since Mdle. Pocchini left, there has been nothing attempted which has not proved unworthy of Terpsichore. Where are Marie Taglioni and the new ballet? Where Carolina Rosati and the *Corsaire*? Where is Auber's *Marco Spada*? Echo answers, "No where."

On Tuesday expectation was on the tiptoe. A new barytone of great continental—at least, Italian—reputation was announced. It was confidently foretold that Signor Corsi would do wonders.

For more than a dozen years he had been one of the mainstays of Verdi's operas, and several of the "young maestro's" works were written expressly for him—*Rigoletto* among others, if we are not mistaken. Twelve years' endeavour to "give voice" to Verdi's vociferous strains, it must be owned, is an ordeal through which few singers can pass, and Signor Corsi's voice is not improved by the trial. In fact those who heard Signor Corsi in his prime acknowledge he is no longer the same artist; the natural inference being that Signor Verdi has destroyed his voice. From this opinion we beg leave to dissent, since the deficiency in Signor Corsi's voice is not manifested in the notes of the upper register, which would be the first to exhibit symptoms of wear and tear from over-exertion, but in the middle and lower parts, which at present indicate no power whatever. Signor Verdi has sins enough to answer for without burdening him with that of—to make use of a not inapplicable pugilistic term—knocking the new baritone out of time. That he is not the singer he was, we can readily admit, when we contrast his present means with his Italian name. As a vocalist Signor Corsi shows the remains of great excellence, and occasionally even reaches the desired point. As an actor he would have shone in his first parts to much greater advantage, had not the recollection of Ronconi necessitated comparison by no means favorable to him. He has, nevertheless, energy, earnestness, undeniable feeling, and good judgment, but stops short at intensity, abandonment, and, more than all, enthusiasm.

The opera produced for the *début* of Sig. Corsi was Verdi's *Nabucco*, translated into *Nino*, for Her Majesty's Theatre, and *Anato*, for the Royal Italian Opera, to satisfy the religious scruples of the Lord Chamberlain. *Nabucco*, under the title of *Nino*, therefore, was the opera which, on Tuesday evening last, introduced Signor Corsi to the London public. The cast comprised, in addition to the principal personage sustained by the new baritone, Mdlle. Spezia as Abigail, Mdlle. Ramos as Fenena, Mr. Charles Braham as Hydaspes, and Signor Violetti as Arotaspe, the high priest. The plot is well known, or should be; and some of the music is familiar. The barrel-organs have done their utmost to popularise the chorus, "Va pensiero," one of the most striking and pleasing melodies Verdi has composed, and sopranos and barytones, desirous of displaying their dramatic impulses, have in conjunction forced into notice in concert-rooms the boisterous duet "Deh perdona" (ah! how unlike Mozart's "Ah perdona.") Perhaps of all Verdi's operas *Nabucco* is the most obstreperous. The finale to the first act is literally deafening. Unfortunately, one is everywhere compelled—not by the music, most assuredly—by the scenery and plot, to institute a parallel between *Semiramide* and *Nabucco*, whereby poor Verdi—poor now indeed—comes off second best. Signor Corsi, although his appearance did not powerfully impress the audience in his favour, made a decided impression in his first scene. He did not, however, improve as he went on, and a feeling of disappointment was uppermost in every mind at the end.

Mdlle. Spezia made a great step in public estimation by her performance of Abigail—such a step indeed, that one who had seen her as Leonora in the *Favorita* could hardly have recognised her as the heroine in *Nabucco*. We must confess that we underrated this lady's capabilities when we first heard her, but stand excused inasmuch as, from nervousness or some other cause, she did not display one tithe of the talent we now acknowledge she possesses. Not only was her acting on Tuesday powerful and highly artistic throughout, but her singing showed so much excellence, that the audience were taken by surprise, and applauded her enthusiastically in every scene. Although the hardness and, to a certain extent, the inflexibility of the voice remain as we noticed on her first appearance, the power, vigour, and volume of tone have been manifested for the first time, and we have now no difficulty in ascertaining the causes which conducted to the high reputation achieved by her in Italy. On the whole, if we except Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, we have seen no artist at Her Majesty's Theatre who, in grand declamatory parts, is so likely to prove a successor to Grisi, as Mdlle. Spezia.

Signor Violetti displayed unusual energy and a very strong voice in the character of the High Priest. It is to be regretted, however, that his intonation is not more true.

Mr. Charles Braham, as the lover of Fenena, sang very pleasingly, and gave the interpolated aria—from *Macbeth*, or we are mistaken—with much expression and tenderness. For parts like that of Idaspes, Mr. Lumley could hardly have selected a more fitting representative.

Mdlle. Ramos, as Fenena, too, must come in for a word of praise. The air in the last scene displayed a small but agreeable voice, and a method not always possessed by *comprimarie*.

The band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre are generally more *au fait* in Verdi's music than that of any other composer.

The new *divertissement*, *L'Aurore*, followed.

On Thursday, an extra night, *Il Trovatore*, with *L'Aurore*.

A morning performance took place on Monday, consisting of the *Barbiere*, cut down into one act, *La Traviata*, given entire, and the *divertissement*, *L'Aurore*. No doubt Mr. Lumley thought, and had some reason for thinking, that he was consulting and conciliating the popular taste by compressing Rossini's opera, and leaving Verdi's untouched. Nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that it was profane. Moreover, it was not courteous towards such an artist as Alboni; but where Rossini is treated with contempt, the great *contralto-soprano* can afford to put up with such "small indignity." As if to be revenged, Alboni sang magnificently.

Signor Bottardi, as the Conte Almaviva, was no improvement on Herr Reichardt.

The theatre was full, but not crowded.

The success of the morning performance has led to the announcement of a second, to take place on Monday, June 29th

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

La Traviata was given on Saturday, with *La Brésilienne*, in which Mdlle. Cerito, having recovered from her recent indisposition, again appeared.

On Tuesday *La Sonnambula* was repeated, and Mdlle. Victoire Balfe confirmed the highly favourable impression she made on her first appearance. The slight nervousness, which marred her efforts in almost every scene on the Saturday, was hardly apparent, and her singing was thereby rendered more satisfactory. The gracefulness of manner and ease we noticed in her first performance was even more remarkable in her second, while a greater amount of energy and passion was observable throughout. In short, Mdlle. Balfe has so specially distinguished herself as an actress at the outset of her career, that, even if she had no voice, and did not know how to sing—the possession and capability must be allowed beyond all dispute—we should not hesitate to augur a splendid future for her. It is long since the English stage boasted a first-rate actress. But for Miss Balfe's vocal means and power there might be now a hope for it. The attendance was one of the most fashionable and crowded of the season, and the usual aristocratic frigidity invaded the audience like a November fog. The mist was dispelled at the end, and Mdlle. Balfe was called for and received with loud and prolonged acclamations. We have heard that Mdlle. Balfe's second part will be Rosina in *Il Barbiere*.

The opera was succeeded by *La Brésilienne*.

On Thursday, *La Traviata* was given in place of *Rigoletto*, as announced in the bills, in consequence of Ronconi being indisposed, and was followed by *La Brésilienne*.

FRENCH PLAYS.

THE St. James's theatre is nightly crowded by all who love to enjoy a hearty laugh on any terms, without regard to probabilities or possibilities even. Les Bouffes Parisiens are a joyous, rollicking, riotous race of actors, who throw their whole souls into their doings; singing, playing and joking with an ensemble and an *entrain* which is the perfection of acting. Neither are they wanting in pathos on certain occasions, but we prefer the loud laugh to the sentimental simper, and, if we may judge from the bearing of the audience on the occasions we have been present, they seem to be very much of our opinion. Of course we cannot be expected to enter into any detail of pieces which are so thoroughly independent of common sense; it will be sufficient to state that they are neatly constructed, interspersed with an

abundance of puns and practical jokes, and redolent of that particular spicy humour peculiar to the lower grades of Parisian society. Whether all this is well understood by English amateurs is somewhat questionable, but the theatre never rang with more boisterous laughter, proving at all events that they understood sufficiently to enjoy what was going on. The acting was good in every respect, all playing together as if perfectly at home, filling in the details with the greatest care; the singing was also above mediocrity, and showed excellent training. The new pieces given are *Le Violoneux*, somewhat in the sentimental style, which turns on the love of an old violinist for his instrument and the love of two young peasants. The parts were cleverly played by Mdlle. Mareschal and Messrs. Guyot and Mesmacer. *L'Impressario* is full of fun and broad jokes, and the united efforts of Mesdmes. Macé and Dalmont, and Messrs. Caillat and Petit, kept the house in a roar. *La Bonne d'Enfant* is a farce of the broadest description, and convulsed the house with laughter. The part of a Sapeur was most ludicrously enacted by M. Guyot, and that of a sweep, or rather a curer of smoky chimnies, by M. Paul, was no less comic. Mdlle. Macé was also much applauded in the part of the nursery maid.

On the whole, we consider the performances of the Bouffes Parisiens to have made a decided hit; and we have no doubt that the public will appreciate the efforts made by Mr. Mitchell to excite their risible faculties.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE following was the programme of the fourth concert, which took place on Monday evening:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Scena and aria, "Ah, perfido, spargiuro," Mdme. Comte Borchardt	Beethoven.
Concerto in E minor, Violin, Signor Sivori	Mendelssohn.
Overture (Naiades)	Sterndale Bennett.
PART II.			
Sinfonia in E \flat	Mozart.
Aria, Mdme. Comte Borchardt (Le Caïd)	Ambroise Thomas.
Solo, "Une Journée de Carnaval à Madrid," Violin, Signor Sivori	Sivori.
Overture, (Siege of Corinth)	Rossini.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.			

The symphonies were both capably played, and loudly applauded. The orchestra continues to progress under the intelligent direction of Professor Bennett, and the pernicious influence of the Wagner régime is gradually dying away. It was a pleasure to hear the frank and brilliant overture of Rossini, whose stirring orchestral pieces are too studiously excluded from the Philharmonic concerts. But the most interesting feature of the evening, and for evident reasons, was Professor Bennett's romantic and beautiful concert-overture, entitled *The Naiads*, which was performed in so masterly a manner, and with such enthusiasm, as to show plainly the unanimous esteem of the members of the orchestra for their distinguished compatriot and conductor. We never remember heartier applause, or a more unmistakable desire on the part of an entire audience for the repetition of a piece; but we cannot the less commend Professor Bennett's good taste in not complying. He returned to the orchestra, however, and acknowledged the courtesy amid reiterated plaudits. The music, the execution, and the reception awarded to both, constituted a legitimate triumph for the English cause. For the curious we may add, that the overture of *The Naiads* was sketched on the Rhine, and completed at Cambridge, in the year 1836.

Although we almost entirely differ from Sig. Sivori's elegant and lady-like reading of the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, we are eager to admit the many brilliant qualities displayed in his performance, and to record the unqualified satisfaction of the audience, who applauded him, as our neighbours say, "à l'outrance." We simply could not share their enthusiasm, because we prefer (as more correct and genial) the vigorous German conception of Ernst, Sainton, and Joachim, to the sentimental

Italian notion of the concerto entertained by the gifted *protegé* of Paganini. The last movement especially dissatisfied us, since although (as a contemporary has explained) it is one of the most genuine of the Mendelssohnian *scherzi*, and should be played "as quick as possible" (according to the composer's own injunction), Sig. Sivori took it at a pace little exceeding that of an ordinary *allegro*, while he tried to make singer's work of the second theme (which is just as lively and sportive as the first), and thus deprived it of its legitimate expression.

The *Carnaval de Madrid*, Sig. Sivori's second essay, should be consigned to the flames, with Herr Rubinstein's pianoforte concerto in G, and all such unmusical compilations, as unworthy of a place in the Philharmonic programmes.

Mad. Comte Borchardt (from Brussels), in the fine *scena* of Beethoven, showed herself possessed of considerable dramatic energy, although her voice bears strong evidence of wear and tear. The *jeu d'esprit* from the comic opera of M. Thomas (a clever parody of the Italian style), was not so well suited to Mad. Borchardt.

The concert (the first part especially) gave the utmost satisfaction. At the next M. Charles Hallé is to play.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE third concert, and the last of the present series (for though six were intended, three were to take place in St. James's Hall, which still remains a *chateau en Espagne*), took place on Wednesday evening, and was entirely successful. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Overture (King Stephen, Op. 117)	Beethoven.
Aria (Alexander's Feast), Mrs. Lennard Lewis	Handel.
Serenade in C minor, for wind instruments	Mozart.
Aria, "Bell raggio," Madame Gassier	Rossini.
Symphony in B flat	Beethoven.
PART II.			
Concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Mad. Staudach	Beethoven.
Aria, "Ah! non giunge," Mad. Gassier	Bellini.
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.			

The remarks upon the overture to *King Stephen*, and the reflections that accompany them, by the clever and intelligent editor of the New Philharmonic programmes, are worth citing:—

"The Overture was written as a prelude to Kotzebue's Prologue *King Stephen of Hungary*, together with some marches and choruses, and was produced at the opening of the Opera House at Pesth. It is, as its number indicates, one of Beethoven's later works. No success attended its performance in this country in 1818; and its author was informed, with little ceremony, of its failure. This, however, must not now be considered as any criterion of its merits. The judges of that day, unable to understand the elevated thoughts and mighty conceptions of the poet musician, passed a similar sentence of condemnation on the Ninth Symphony, and indeed on most of Beethoven's later works. Either from ignorance or prejudice, they seem to have endorsed this, as well as the other works of the third period of his life, with the distich of Lord Coke upon the *Novum Organum*:—

"It deserves not to be read in schools,
But freighted on the ship of fools."

"Happy would it have been for Beethoven had the Society to which he first entrusted the performance of his works in this country, then possessed the talent which now guides its opinions and performances; his latter days might have been less clouded by disappointment, and our musical libraries would in all probability have been enriched by many more great works. It is useless now to dwell upon all the regret we cannot but feel at the treatment Beethoven received; it only remains for us to strive, in a spirit of laudable emulation, to render justice to his works by diffusing a more general knowledge of them. Music, like every other gift, is at times perverted, sometimes degraded, to an alliance with improper language, scenes, and sentiment, and used as a means of nourishing the baser passions of our nature; and while it is to be regretted that so much patronage is freely bestowed on such works, let every exertion be made to spread the knowledge of those of a lofty and pure character. An able critic has lately remarked that 'art is a sacred thing, or it is nothing at all.' Music need not be allied to sacred words to rouse within us lofty aspirations, nor to frivolous or immoral language to become a 'profanation.' We are so

framed that melody cannot fail to please us; it gives language a force and beauty that recommends it to the heart, and, uniting with the sentiment, disposes the mind to devotion, or rouses it to action. If, as we believe, the genius of every great man renders him a benefactor to his race, Beethoven, who never permitted his art to be desecrated, may be reckoned among the greatest. To the thoughtless and trifling, his works are intolerable. To the intellectual mind alone do they afford enjoyment and solace, tending to elevate the thoughts to all that is pure, refined, and holy. As, therefore, music possesses a power which may be turned to either good or bad purposes, the study of such works as Beethoven's cannot be too strongly advocated; and then the performer's art, instead of conducing to vanity, would tend to the cultivation of the mind, cherish the growth and force of the best feelings, and answer many good and worthy purposes."

The music in *King Stephen* is not of Beethoven's best, but being Beethoven's, it should be heard. The overture was so well executed and so much admired on the present occasion, as to lead to the conclusion that the vocal and other incidental music might have followed it with an equal chance of appreciation.

Few pianists are unacquainted with a certain pianoforte duet, published many years ago as "*Notturmo* in C minor, by Mozart." This is neither more nor less than the serenade for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns, performed so ably, and with such unanimous applause on Wednesday night, by Messrs. Barret, Chisholm, Lazarus, Maycock, Hausser, Anderson, C. Harper, and Standen. The introduction of this fine and genuine composition of the inspired composer of *Don Giovanni* was one of the most judicious steps that has marked the policy of Dr. Wyld during his superintendence of the New Philharmonic Society.

The glorious fourth symphony of Beethoven was another treat of the highest order. The band played it with immense and unflagging spirit, under the direction of Dr. Wyld, and each movement was hailed with warm and repeated plaudits.

The pianoforte concerto did not enjoy the advantage of a preliminary rehearsal, and fared accordingly. We have rarely listened to a more unfinished and unsatisfactory performance. Here is the published apology:—

"The pianoforte part will be executed this evening by Mdle. Staudach, of Vienna, who performs for the first time in London, and without rehearsal, in consequence of a command to perform at Osborne last evening."

The command from Osborne was a good thing for Mdle. Staudach, but a bad one for the audience, on Wednesday night, who, nevertheless, indulged in a fit of unparalleled generosity, and applauded Mdle. Staudach throughout, as if she and the orchestra had been playing together with the unanimity of angels, instead of being at loggerheads throughout. If slovenly execution is to be thus rewarded, Dr. Wyld may henceforth dispense with the trouble and expense of rehearsals altogether. Under the circumstances, we defer giving any opinion of the qualifications of Mdle. Emma Staudach (from Vienna) as a pianist.

We are at a loss to imagine why Mrs. Lennard Lewis chose a bad Italian translation of Handel's air, in place of the vigorous poetry of Dryden. Mad. Gassier was greatly applauded in both her pieces, and the overture to *Oberon* was succeeded by a well-merited demonstration in favour of Dr. Wyld.

HERR DEICHMANN'S CONCERT.

The concert of that young and rising violinist, Herr Carl Deichmann, on Thursday morning, in Willis's Rooms, was by no means the least interesting of the hebdomadal entertainments brought under the reader's notice in our present number. It opened with Mozart's Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in B flat, in which Herr Deichmann had the invaluable assistance of Miss Arabella Goddard, and the first part concluded with Beethoven's septet in E flat, for violin, tenor, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double-bass, Op. 20, executed by MM. Deichmann, Webb, Boosé, Harper, Hausser, Piatti, and Howell.

Mozart's Sonata excited an unusual sensation even in the room devoted to the "sittings" of the Musical Union, where alone, if we are to accredit "*Analytic Programmes*," sensations are created. Miss Goddard, in short, played with her accus-

tomed perfection. The slow movement, most exquisitely sung, would have satisfied Mozart himself. The rest was equally irreproachable. Herr Deichmann played capitally throughout.

Miss Goddard also awoke the aristocratic echoes of Willis's with a magnificent *bravura* display—viz., Liszt's well-known *Patineurs*, in her brilliant execution of which, avoiding the "*glissando*," and playing legitimate scales, like Mad. Pleyel, she surpasses that celebrated *virtuoso* herself.

Sig. Piatti contributed a solo on the violoncello, and Herr Deichmann another on the violin, both with distinguished success. The glorious septet by Beethoven, given without curtailment, was a rich classical treat. The singers were Miss Augusta Manning, Mdle. Caroline Wagner, M. Jules Lefort, and Mr. Allan Irving.

CONCERT OF MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.

This fashionable entertainment was given to a brilliant audience in the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper are both classical in taste, and this was declared as usual by the presence of Mr. Alfred Mellon, at the head of the fine band of the Orchestral Union, which commenced the concert with a splendid performance of Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*. A larger share in the proceedings might assuredly have been given to the orchestra; but this would perhaps have not exactly suited the temper of the audience, among whom the majority were doubtless anything but connoisseurs.

Miss Dolby sang her very best throughout the concert, and what kind of singing is Miss Dolby's very best we need hardly say. As she was equally successful in everything she attempted, we may limit our task to that of chronicling the pieces she introduced, which were Valentine's romance from the 4th act of the *Huguenots*, three sacred songs of Beethoven (translated from the German of Gellert), a ballad by Mr. John Hullah ("The three fishers," to words by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley), and an Irish ballad. The ballad of Mr. Hullah, sung by Miss Dolby with exquisite sentiment, was the only encore of the day, and richly deserved the compliment.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's share of the programme was important, inasmuch as it began with the Concerto in E flat of Moscheles, whose works of this class are much more rarely heard than their merits taken into consideration, and the part their composer has played in the history and progress of the pianoforte and pianoforte music—should properly be the case. Moscheles, although not exactly a man of genius, or so near to a man of genius as his friend and contemporary, Hummel, is one to whom the art owes too much to justify the total neglect of his music. But now-a-days, classical pianists limit their public performances to the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, with an occasional reference to Bach and Handel; while the "*virtuosi*," as they are called, play nothing but their own absurd fantasias. So that Moscheles and Hummel, like Welf, Steibelt, Clementi, and Dussek, before them—all first-rate men in their way—are virtually shelved. It was, therefore, with equal gratitude and satisfaction that we listened on Wednesday to Mr. Sloper's admirable performance of the Concerto in E flat, which, if not the finest, is one of the most brilliant, of its author's compositions for the piano. The first *allegro* and the *bolero* at the end (with the three drums in the orchestral accompaniments) we should have preferred a little quicker; but Mr. Sloper, no doubt, thought to obtain extra clearness by the sacrifice of a certain amount of rapidity, and to give firmer accentuation and greater effect to the *bravura* passages. His second piece was a very spirited and characteristic Tarantella in E minor, written expressly for him by M. Stephen Heller, which he executed with equal talent.

Besides the performances of the concert-givers, there was an excellent selection of vocal music by Mad. Novello, Mad. Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss; a solo on the violin by M. Sauton, and another on the double-bass by Signor Bottesini. The entertainment terminated with the march from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. Mr. Benedict displayed his accustomed ability as accompanist at the pianoforte.

CONCERTS.

MISS MESSENT gave her annual *soirée musicale* on Friday in last week, at her residence in Hinde-street. Her selection of songs was well suited to her voice, and she produced an unmistakable impression. She sang "Ah! fors' è lui," from *La Traviata*, Frank Mori's "Song of the Siren"—an animated and striking composition, "Home, sweet home," besides taking parts in duets, trios, &c., &c. Mr. Sims Reeves sang, "Ah! si ben mio," from *Il Trovatore*, and, as a matter of course, was encored in Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Miss Poole, Mad. Ella Henderson, and Mr. Frank Bodda also sang; and Mr. Francesco Berger executed a solo on the piano, and Herr Pollitzer, the *Pirata Fantasia*, by Ernst, on the violin.

MR. JOHN MACFARREN'S SECOND MATINÉE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC came off on Saturday, at the New Beethoven Rooms. The programme, as usual, was excellent, and began with Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 30, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin, played most admirably by Mr. John Macfarren and Herr Ernst. The great German fiddler was in splendid mood, and, ably seconded by the fair pianist, kept the audience in a state of enchantment throughout the whole performance. It was difficult to say, whether the two *allegros* (*allegro assai*, first movement, and *allegro vivace*, last movement) were executed with more spirit and buoyancy, or the *Tempo di Menuetto* with more inimitable grace and expression. Mrs. John Macfarren also played, with Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mendelssohn's *Allegro Brillante* (really "brilliant") for two performers on the pianoforte; two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; Prudent's *Lucia Fantasia*; and two short pieces—"Il Lamento" by Chopin, and "Taran-telle" by Stephen Heller. Ernst also gave a solo on the violin, and Signor Bottesini a solo on the contrabasso. The singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Enderssohn, and Mr. Millardi. Both ladies sang well; the former distinguishing herself in Macfarren's "Violet Girl," the latter in Balfe's new song, "The Deserted Bride."

A well-arranged and in every respect capital concert—though not altogether of "Classical Chamber Music," as per announcement—was given by Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED GILBERT and Miss SUSANNA COLE, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday morning. The special pieces were Sterndale Bennett's Chamber Trio in A, Op. 26, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, played by MM. Sainton, Paque, and Alfred Gilbert, and Bach's Concerto in C, for three pianofortes with quartet arrangements, the pianofortes being MM. Alexandre Billet, Aguilar, and Alfred Gilbert, the quartet, M. Sainton and Mr. Clementi (violins), Mr. Webb (viola), and M. Paque (violoncello). The first was an admirable performance; the last would have gone better with one or two careful rehearsals. Miss Susanna Cole and Mr. Sims Reeves were encored in Mendelssohn's duet, "Zuleika and Hassan." The same compliment was paid to Mr. Sims Reeves in Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," but pertinaciously declined—in which the English tenor displayed the best taste. In addition, Madame Enderssohn's "Ah! fors' è lui," Miss Cole's "First Violet," and Mr. Sims Reeves' "Adelaida," deserve especial mention. Mr. B. Wells was encored in a solo on the flute. Morley's madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying," brought the concert to a termination.

MR. REDFEARN, formerly pupil of the Royal Academy, and who some years since promised to distinguish himself—having a beautiful and powerful tenor voice—both on the stage and in the concert-room, gave a concert on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Why Mr. Redfearn retired into private life, we have no means of ascertaining. It is certain he has not sung for years in public, and his appearance after so long an interval, was something unlooked for. Mr. Redfearn certainly did not rely much either upon the curiosity expected from his late appearance, or upon his own talents. His programme was more than tolerable,—his list of artists attractive. Beethoven's trio in E flat (No. 1, Op. 1), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was performed most successfully by Messrs. Harold Thomas, H. Blagrove, Aylward; and Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, found a brilliant exponent in Mrs. F. B. Jewson, who, also, with Mr. H. Blagrove, executed Beethoven's sonata in G, for pianoforte and violin. Mr. Red-

fearn was exceedingly nervous, and did not do himself justice. His best effort was "In native worth," which displayed his intimate acquaintance with sacred music, and indicated a pure and manly style. The other vocalists were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Messent, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Wallworth.

MR. KIALLMARK'S third evening performance came off on Tuesday. It was the best of the set. Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, ably executed by Mr. Kaillmark, Herr Molique, and M. Paque; and Beethoven's grand sonata in C minor, for pianoforte and violin, no less successful a performance by Mr. Kiallmark and Herr Molique, were the important pieces. The rest was miscellaneous. Miss Ransford, Sig. Theodore Giubilei, and the Vocal Union sang.

MISS CHATTERTON—daughter of Mr. F. Chatterton, the popular harpist—gave her first concert at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday evening, and, as we understood, made her first appearance. Miss Chatterton has selected the harp as the instrument of her predilection, and is still very young. She was much frightened in her first essay, "Welsh Bardic Fantasia," although even then she gave indications of talent, and exhibited neat execution and a good tone. In Bocha's "Grand Coronation Duet," for piano and harp, with Miss Binckes, she created a marked sensation, and was loudly applauded. Altogether we have great hopes of the *débütante*, and shall expect to find her achieve a still greater success on her next appearance in public. Miss Chatterton was assisted by Miss Poole, Mad. Frodsham, Mad. F. Lablache, Mrs. William Howard, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. George Case.

M. ROGER, the celebrated French dramatic tenor, has been for some days in London. He sang at the last concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society with great success. It is to be hoped that an opportunity of hearing him before his departure will be offered to the London public.

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